

Control by cestmabiologie

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Summary:

Leda clones are subjects One through Six at Hawkins Laboratory.

Control

Author's Note:

warnings: blood, mild violence

I.

Four has never seen them, but she knows that there are others. She can feel them reaching out to each other in crackles of static and light flickers that the cameras can't capture. She wants them to be caught and punished, even if it means that she'd be punished too.

When they reach out to her, she presses as far away from them as she can until cinderblock bites into her spine and she thinks a wall to keep them out.

II.

"Why, Papa?" Four asks. She tells herself she must be the only one who can call him Papa. The others mustn't ask questions. Or mustn't ask the right questions. Four asks the right questions. These sorts of things are rewarded.

"Little girls," he says. She is a little girl. This she understands. Then

"Proof of concept," he says. This she doesn't understand at all.

She wants to ask another and she will, once she shows Papa how good she is. These sorts of things have to be earned.

III.

One was the first to realize that she could nudge at molecules until a solid can could crumple at her will. Every time she cut glances to the machine in the corner of the room she saw the needles drawing wild spikes. Spikes that represented *her brain*. She thrilled. She looked up

at Papa and he was beaming, too.

Then his face crumpled into a frown. One sniffled. She swiped at her nose and it came away with blood.

She wiped it on her gown and smiled up dizzily at Papa and asked to try again. She wanted to see the needles jump and dance.

“Later,” he told her. “You want to keep up your strength.”

When later came the can collapsed, the needles danced, and there was blood. There was much more blood than before.

This time Papa didn’t smile once.

IV.

Two sits in a chair in front of a cat. She doesn’t know *cat* but she knows that it is soft and harmless and scared. Two is soft and
and scared.

The sensors make her scalp itch and more than once her hands reach up to pull it off her head. More than once a hand roughly closes around hers and reminds her to sit still and focus.

She focuses.

Two wonders if there are lives where she doesn’t have to make this choice.

V.

Six stands up straight as if someone might be watching. She’s good at Finding and she wants to prove it again. She closes her eyes and reaches out into the black and feels the ripples of her first step—

No.

She stops and readjusts and steps out in a new direction. *Better*. A voice crackles into existence and Six listens even though she doesn't understand. One time she found a voice that sang and she listened to it instead. Which was Bad. Six doesn't want to be Bad, but she wants to find singing again.

But she won't. She'll listen because that's what Papa told her to do. A splash sounds in the black and Six feels ripples from something that isn't her. Her heart races and she's shaking but she concentrates on listening. She won't look for singing and she won't look towards whatever made that sound. She won't be Bad.

VI.

Five works hard in the tank. If she does her best, maybe the others won't have to do it anymore. She could do it for them.

The tank feels like her dreams. Or maybe she dreams the tank. The feeling of floating in a place so dark and full and far away is so familiar that she's not sure when it's real.

VII.

No one knows what to do about Three. When they take her for tests they open doors and through those doors she sees more doors and if she could just get to one, get to the other side of one, then maybe

maybe *somewhere else* would be there.

When they take her out she spits and screams and kicks and runs and only stops when arms grab her around the waist and she hears the bones in those arms snap.

She doesn't want to hurt anyone. She doesn't *mean* to.

But she can't tell them that. She can't tell the screaming man with broken arms that it was a mistake. She can't tell that to the ones that somehow lie unconscious on the floor.

A door opens and she's led back to her room. Nobody wants to touch her.

"I'm sorry," she says, but she already wants to run again.

The door closes. It locks.

Author's Note:

I can't help this awful energy

God damn right, you should be scared of me

Who is in control?(x)

Thank you for reading! Please Kudos+ comment if you enjoyed!